To whoſe huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are morteiſt and adjoin'd, which when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, pettie conſequence
Attends the boiſtrous raine, never alone
Did the King ſigh, but a generall grone.

King. Arme you I pray you to this ſpeedy voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free footed.

Roſ. We will make haſte. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord hee's going to his mothers cloſet,
Behind the Arras Ile convay my ſelfe
To heare the proceſſe, Ile warnt ſhee'l tax him home;
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet that ſome more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, ſhould ore-heare
The ſpeech of vantage; fare you well my Liege,
Ile call upon you ere you goe to bed,
And tell you what I heare. *Exit.*

King. Thankes deare my Lord.
O my offence is ranke, it ſmels to heaven,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe upon't;
A brothers murder: pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharpe as will,
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
And like a man to double buſineſſe bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect: what if this curſed hand
Were thicker than it ſelfe with brothers blood?
Is there not raine enough in the ſweet heavens
To waſh it white as ſnow? whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe? then Ile looke up:
My fault is paſt: but oh! what forme of prayer
Can ſerve my turne? forgive me my foule murther?
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt

Of

Of thoſe affects for which I did the murther,
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardoned and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offences guided hand may ſhew by juſtice,
And oft 'tis ſeene the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not ſo above,
There is no ſhuffling, there the action lyes
In his true nature, and we our ſelves compeld
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence: what then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O wretched ſtate! O boſome blacke as death!
O limed ſoule! that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more ingaged! helpe Angels, make aſſay,
Bow ſtubborn knees, and hearts with ſtrings of ſteele
Be ſoft as ſinnewes of the new-borne babe,
All may be well. *Enter Hamlet.*

Ham. Now might I do it, but now a is praying,
And now Ile do't, and ſo a goes to heaven,
And ſo am I reveng'd? that would be ſcann'd;
A villaine kills my father, and for that
I his ſole ſonne doe this ſame villaine ſend
To heaven:
Why this is baſe and ſilly, —— not revenge:
A tooke my father groſſely, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blowne, as fluſh as May,
And how his audit ſtands who knowes ſave heaven?
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavie with him; and am I then reveng'd
To take him in the purging of his ſoule,
When he is fit and ſeaſoned for his paſſage?
No,
Up ſword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, aſleep, or in his rage,
Or in th'inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed,
At game, a ſwearing, or about ſome act